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# easter PUCK.





## *The BLOOM of HEALTH*

Blossoms only in those who are blessed with plenty of rich life-giving blood.

**Nothing in the World Equals**

ANHEUSER BUSCH'S  
*Malt-Nutrine*

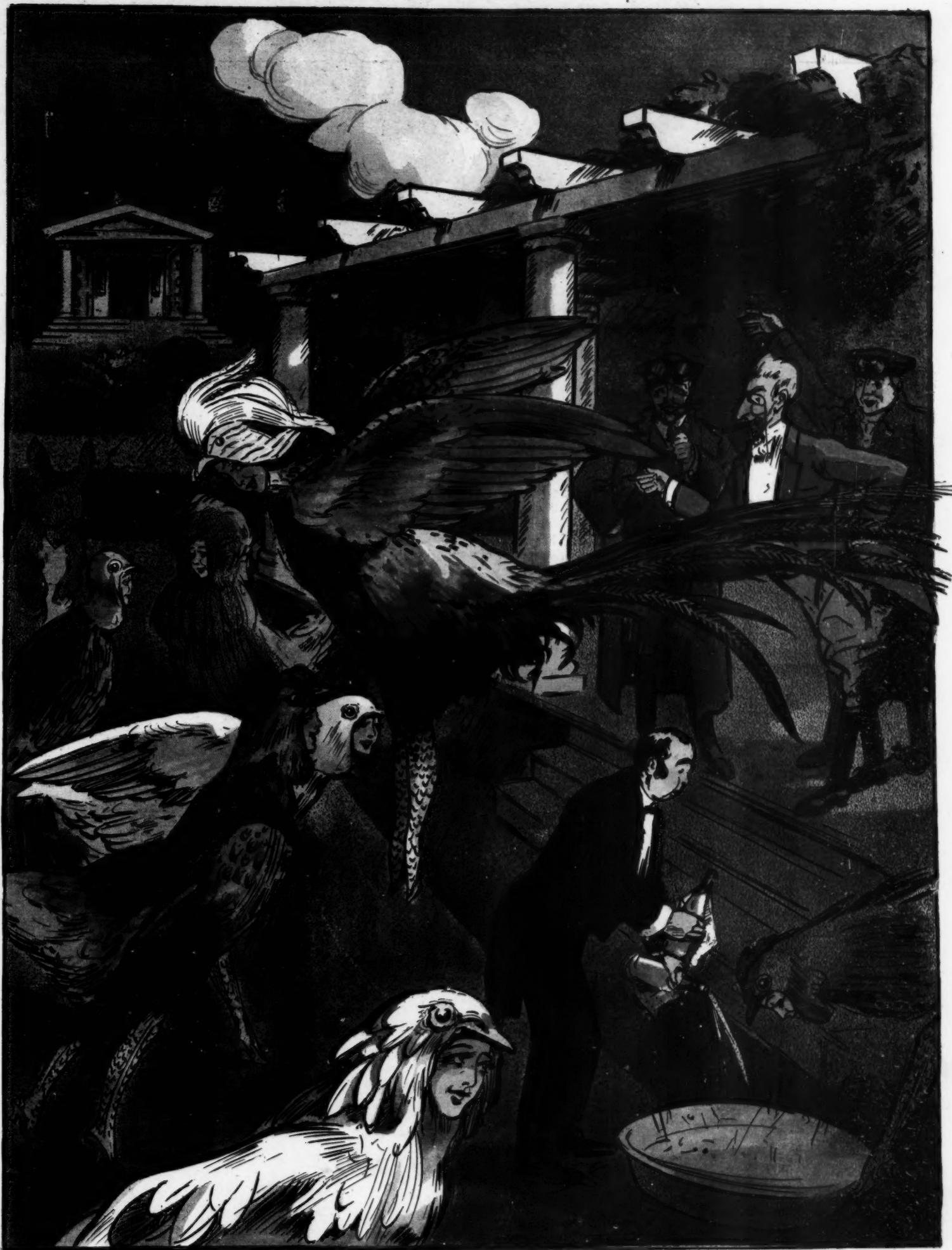
as a blood and strength maker. Every drop of it is alive with the health-bringing juices of American barley and the vigorous tonic powers of imported Saazer Hops.

Declared by U. S. Revenue Department A PURE  
MALT TONIC and not an alcoholic beverage.  
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS AND GROCERS

**ANHEUSER-BUSCH**

**St. Louis, Mo.**

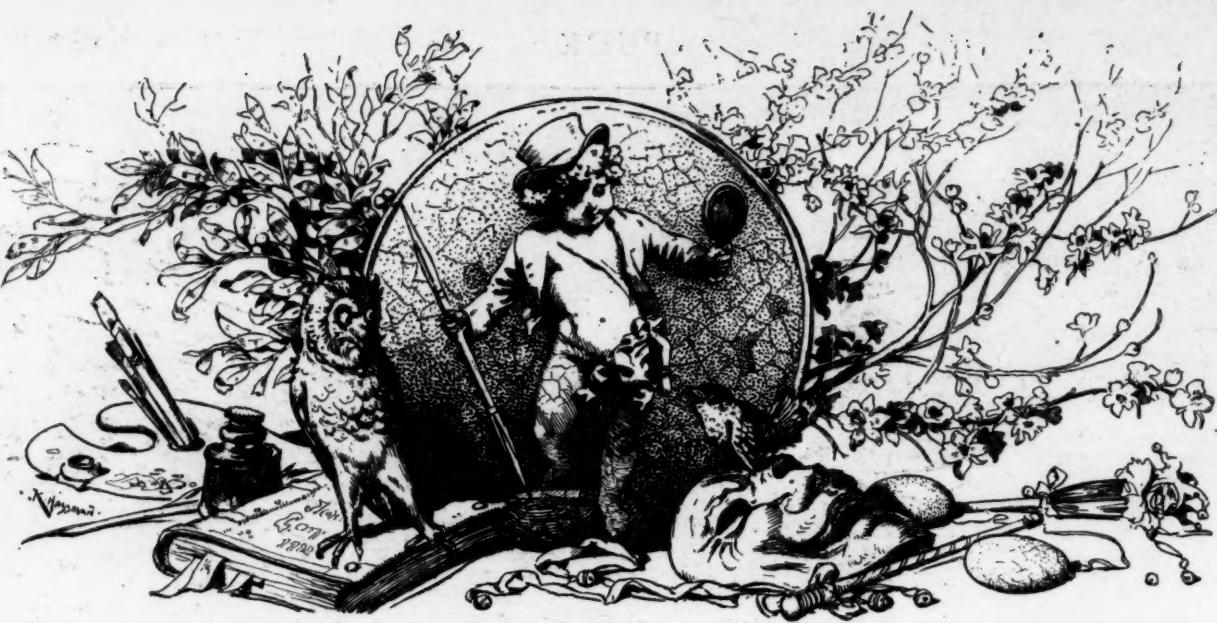
PUCK



THE PUCK PRESS

THE CHANTICLEER BARNYARD.

By SPENDING A FEW THOUSANDS ON CHORUS GIRLS AND COSTUMES, OUR "GENTLEMEN FARMERS"  
MAY PROVIDE A SNAPPY NOVELTY FOR THEIR WEEK-END FRIENDS.



Published by  
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J. KEPPLER, Pres., A. SCHWARZMANN, Vice-Pres.,  
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A. H. FOLWELL, Editor

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### Cartoons and Comments

**OLD BLOCK AND CHIP.** THIS little paragraph is about Washington, Albany, and the Hon. TIMOTHY WOODRUFF.

For years, at Washington, the Republican machine has been the friend, adviser, and partner of privilege seekers, "honest" grafters, and treasury looters, little and big. For years, at Albany, the Republican machine has borne a like relation to the grafters and looters whose field was the Empire State. In short, the National machine was the old block and the machine of New York was the chip; which brings us to the point where the Hon. TIMOTHY WOODRUFF comes innocently in. Because he assumed, quite naturally, that a chip of the old block should behave like a chip, Mr. WOODRUFF was called down, and called by no less a person than Senator ROOT, who it is said came direct from highest headquarters. It was more than intimated by Senator

Root that unless Mr. WOODRUFF would use his influence to help materially the cause of honest government and no favors at Albany, Mr. WOODRUFF, politically speaking, might depart this life. Fault was actually found with Mr. WOODRUFF because he failed to show bubbling enthusiasm for the projected Spring "house-cleaning" plans. Indeed, there were those at Washington who thought from his actions that he favored no house-cleaning at all at Albany, preferring the old grime and filth to the discomforts incidental to ousting them. Alas and alack-a-day! In previous years, had a State chairman entertained such views, he would have been warmly, though privately, commended for his big bump of prudence; but things are different now. The old block orders its chip to reform. The pot insists that the kettle be cleansed.

IF IT were not a tragedy in American civics, one feature of the Philadelphia strike would be fit subject for travesty. Consider a city of more than a million people, racked by an industrial struggle which affects the lives of all, unable to terminate the conflict, but appealing with all the voice of sovereign citizens to two men, McNICHOL and VARE, in the childlike confidence that they can bring matters to a satisfactory conclusion. Who are these two? Public officials, charged with legal power and warrant to compel peace? Not a bit of it. They are contractors who, through the combination of business and local politics, hold intangible, but no less absolute, power over Philadelphia. Against their sway the Quaker City has now and then rebelled, querulously, but not with any lasting success.

They have been denounced, excoriated, and anathematized until some hopeful souls almost believed that their reign would end; yet Philadelphia, in this strike situation, has proven that it cannot end until the city is possessed of a new spirit. For in its extremity the metropolis has turned imploringly to these malign but able bosses, praying them to return and remedy conditions largely due to the methods by which they rose to power. Greater degradation than this no American city has reached. It is a confession that the fibre of strength is rotted save in the souls of those who are mighty in evil.



LENT IS OVER.

ONCE more is Africa the Dark Continent!

NOTICE to Members,  
active and honorary:  
The American Association of Deliberate and Unqualified Falsifiers will go down the bay to meet Him on a specially chartered tug.

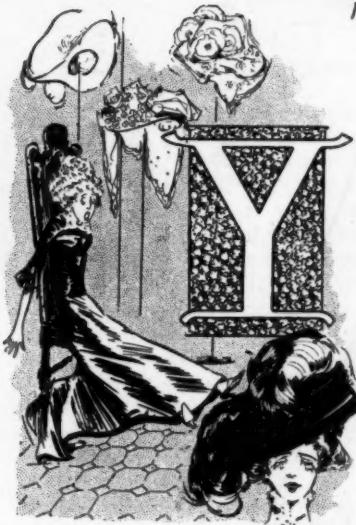
## PUCK

### A MATTER OF FORM.

**M**EET it is that lovely Mabel Should in Lent forego Sundry pleasures of the table. Of a truth we know That she grows in grace in Lent, And her mind at peace is, Conscious that the measurement Of her waist decreases.

If, for form's sake, she observes Lent in proper season, Mabel, mindful of her curves, Knows that there's a reason; To this method (though a bore) What does Mabel not owe? Grace she gains—and "Grace before Meat" is Mabel's motto.

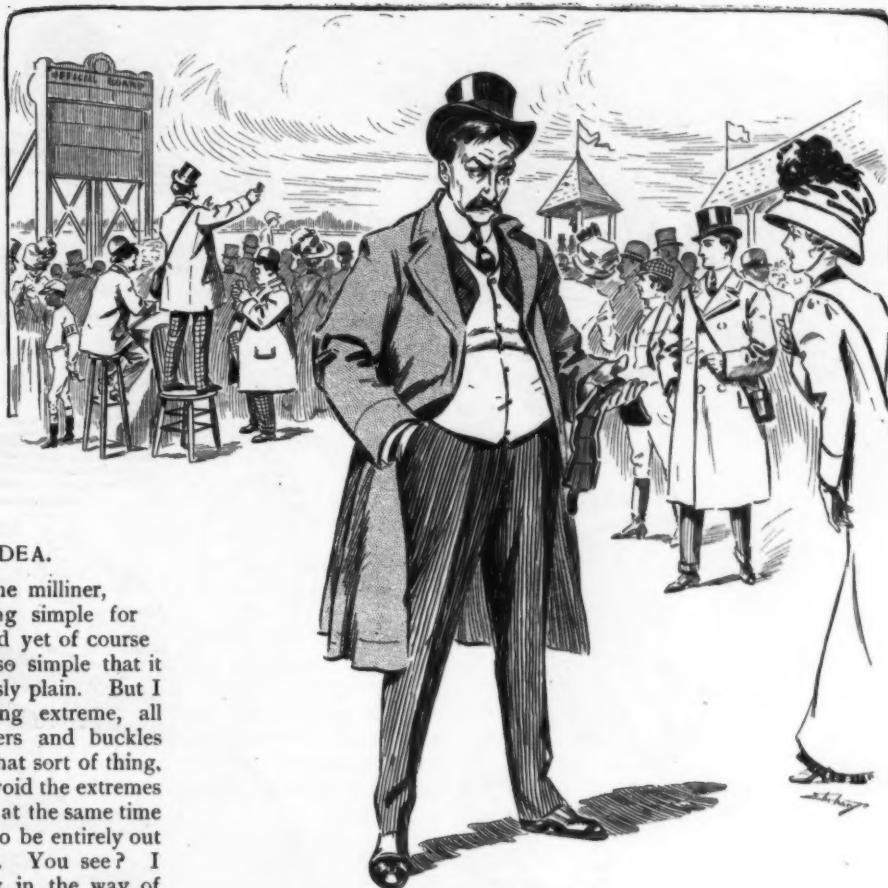
*J. Adair Strawson.*



### A VAGUE IDEA.

"ES," she said to the milliner, "I want something simple for an Easter hat, and yet of course I do not want it so simple that it will be conspicuously plain. But I don't want anything extreme, all flowers and feathers and buckles and pins and all that sort of thing. I always try to avoid the extremes of fashion while at the same time I do not care to be entirely out of the fashion. You see? I want something in the way of a hat that will be suitable to wear to church or down town shopping or even to an afternoon tea or perhaps to the matinee, and yet I do not want what you

might call a real dress-hat, for I shall have to wear it for common a great deal. I want a hat that I can wear with almost any dress, so of course it must not be too plain nor yet too elaborate. My idea of a hat is that it should be tasteful without being at all conspicuous. I have a horror of being known by my hats or gowns. What I would like is a hat that no one would remember that they had ever seen before, even though they had really seen it a dozen times. You get my meaning? I don't want an all-black hat nor what is commonly called an Easter hat, although I do want to wear it at Easter time. I don't want a conspicuously large hat nor a toque nor one of those grotesquely shaped hats that look as if an automobile had run over them—



### LIMP LEATHER.

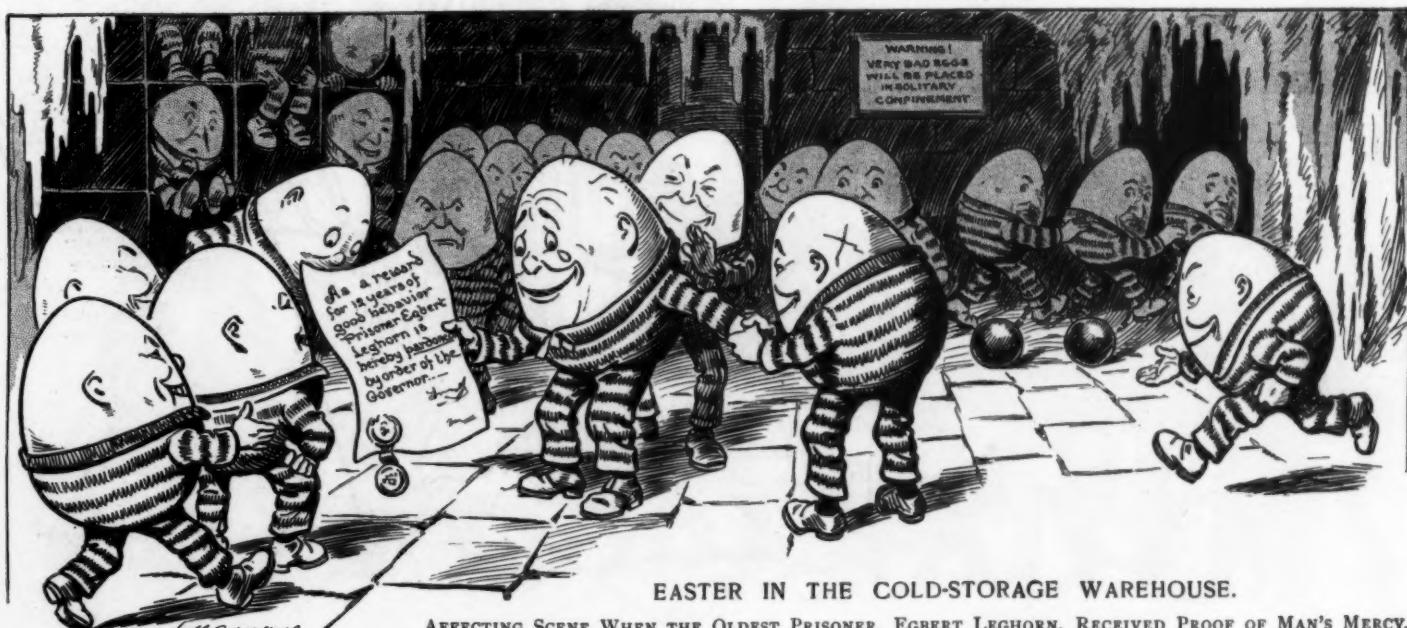
"A NOTEWORTHY SPECIMEN OF THE BOOKMAKER'S ART."

something reasonable in shape is what I want. You understand? I'm not sure as to whether I want feathers or flowers on it. I think I will leave that to you, but remember that it is to be simple yet elegant, plain and yet quite dressy, suitable to wear with any gown and yet not really a street nor a church hat. You get my idea?

*Max Merryman.*

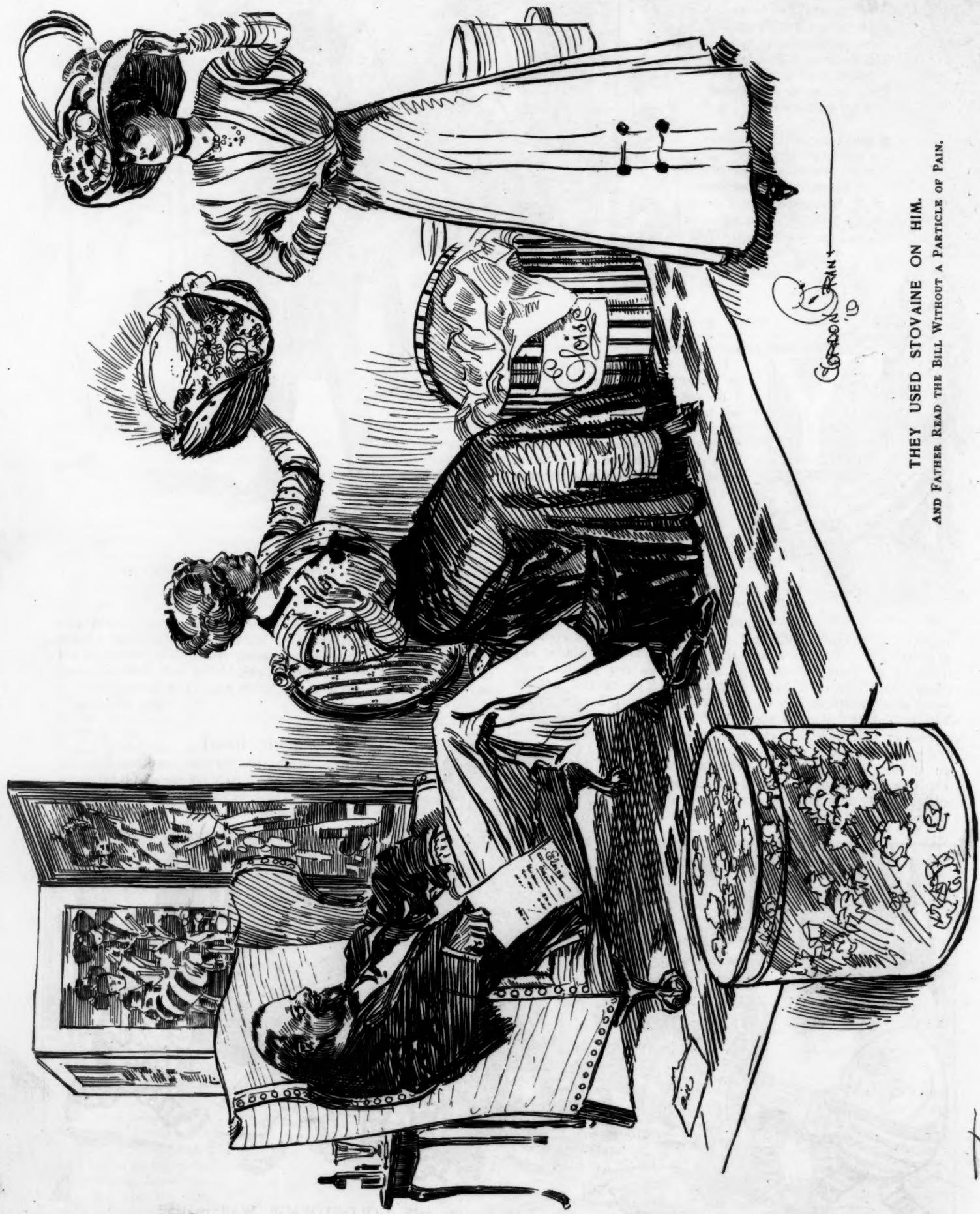
### THE AIRSHIP HABIT.

"I VERY much regret to say we cannot use your song." Thus spoke the music publisher. "I'll tell you what is wrong: You see, we're flying high this year; we want to treat you fair; The words, we find, won't do at all—they're heavier than the air."



### EASTER IN THE COLD-STORAGE WAREHOUSE.

AFFECTING SCENE WHEN THE OLDEST PRISONER, EGBERT LEGHORN, RECEIVED PROOF OF MAN'S MERCY.



THEY USED STOVAIN ON HIM.  
AND FATHER READ THE BILL WITHOUT A PARTICLE OF PAIN.

# PUCK



WHEN EASTER IS EARLY — THE SUNDAY PARADE.

## A DRAMATIC CRITIC.



EAR, I do so wish you could have seen the play to-night! It was perfectly *grand*! But I know you poor old business men are tired when you come home, and don't care to go out again. So I'm going to tell you all about it. The plot was so vividly worked out, and the play teaches such a splendid lesson, it makes one forget all the littleness and sordidness of life. It was wonderful, *won-der-ful*! It was one of those Gibson—no, I mean Ibsen—plays, so weird and shadowy. Yet the plot stands out so! — But is n't that theatre stuffy, though! I forgot you were n't there. I thought I would melt! And, you remember, when the weather was really cold they did n't have a speck of heat. I do think that an opera-house manager would learn — And of all people to be in a theater box — The Tompkinses! I bet they never understood that play any more than if they had been sitting at home.

"My dear, I know you are not interested in women's clothes, but I do believe you would have laughed yourself sick at Mrs. Hayter's dress—greenish trimmed with yellow! And Mrs. Boorstein—such a garish, gaudy display of diamonds! It's a good thing that the show started after business hours so old Boorstein would n't miss a sale because his wife had on his stock of jewelry. What do you think! The minister's daughter was there—and her father all the time blessing out theater-goers! I think — You should have seen the Governor stalk into his box with such an effort at statesmanlike dignity. As if everyone did n't know that he is a little two-by-four politician and all-round demagogue. But that frowsy little wife of his! I never saw since the day I was born a more faithful effort to look like *somebody*; you know her people are as common as pig-tracks.

"And would you believe it! That notorious Mrs. Herbert had the boldness to come to the show with that Morrison fellow, and she just two weeks ago divorced. She's simply horrid. It does seem to me — Oh yes, the play was simply grand. I completely forgot where I was, and I felt as if I were in another world. You certainly missed a most extraordinary treat."

John E. Rosser.

## FROM "THE NED NEVERFEAR WEEKLY."

YE gods, but the heat was awful! Ned Neverfear caught the beauteous maiden to him.

"Fear not, little one," he gasped, choking with the furious, frenzied smoke which filled the lungs of him. "I am here, and Ned Neverfear has never yet been killed, although he has faced death in a thousand forms each week for years in this popular periodical for the youth of America."

But even as he forced forth the words came the sound of the rending, crashing flames. The roof of the burning building was falling in!

Flames to the right of them! Likewise to the left of them! Also in the front! Ditto in the rear!

"Hah!" gasped Ned Neverfear, as fear, ghastly fear, nearly gripped his manly heart—fear, not for himself, but for this beauteous maiden trembling by his side. "Hah, Vengeful Victor! You think you have me now, but not yet. Unhand me, villain—er, that is — Say, kiddo, what shall I say that is real heroic and appropriate? Well, anyhow, Vengeful Victor, you have not got me yet!"

Burning brands fell upon the couple.

Ned Neverfear brushed them off the girl's golden locks while his manly brow was corrugated in thought.

"Ah," he cried, at length, at last.

He drew his trusty repeating-rifle from the hollow of his arm. Quickly, and with the deadly aim of a Buffalo Bill, he extinguished each separate tongue of flame with a separate bullet!

Ned Neverfear and the beauteous maiden stepped from the ruins of the stricken building upon the greensward.

They dusted the soot from their swell clothes.

"We are safe for the moment," exclaimed Ned, "but next week Vengeful Victor, who applied the torch to this structure, will be after me again. Until the next issue of this popular periodical for the youth of America we are safe."

Upon the saying the which he tipped his hat, like the true gentleman the which he was, and with an inscrutable glance in his manly gray eyes he fared forth into the night.

Frank H. Williams.



WHEN EASTER IS EARLY — THE MONDAY PARADE.

# PUCK

## EASTER BLOSSOMS.



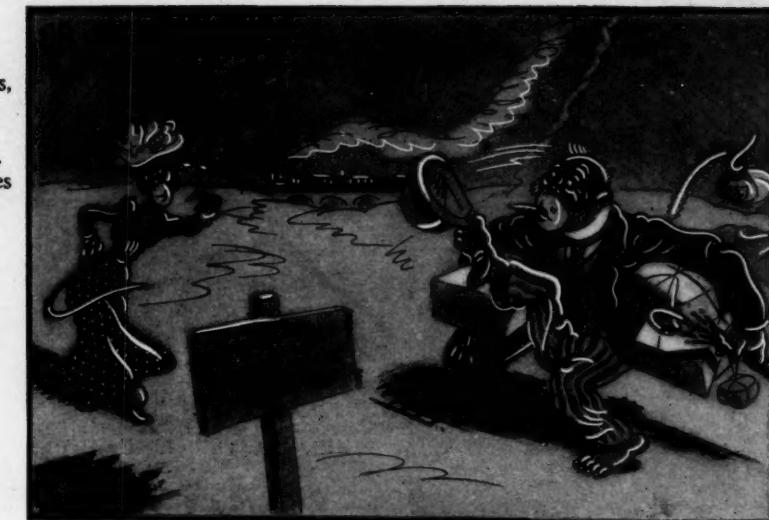
HE florist may fill up his window with lilies,  
With dahlias and daisies and pansies and roses,  
With yellow chrysanthemums, daffydown-dillies,—  
In fact, with the latest assortment of posies.  
But who, in his senses, would lavish his glances  
On store-window blossoms, however they please,  
When lightly and sprightly about him there dances  
A garden of blossoms as dainty as these:  
Lily and Mary and Phoebe and Prue,  
Millie and Carrie and Hebe and Sue,  
Tessie and Jessie,  
And Gladys and Bessie,  
Sarah and Clara and Agnes and Lou.  
  
Glance at the rapturous wrappings that sheath 'em—  
Filmiest laces and clingingest satin,  
Bonnets and—look at the faces beneath 'em—  
How could a poet forget to put that in!  
Never a garden was fairer in history,  
Never a lovelier kissed by the breeze,  
Youth and its winsomeness, glamour, and mystery—  
Heaven be thanked for such blossoms as these!  
  
Minnie and Betty and Ada and Anne,  
Winnie and Netty and Naida and Nan,  
Dora and Cora,  
Hortense and Honora,  
Nina and Tina and Florence and Fan!  
  
Here they are—blossoms delightfully human,  
Every variety—few of them fading—  
All from the marvelous garden of woman,  
Animate flowers out Easter-parading.  
Bachelors, choose! They are truly a blessing  
Gladdening greatly the gloom or the gloam,  
One of these buds is a prize worth possessing,  
Something that each of you needs in your home!  
  
Hattie or Mercy, Patricia or Nell,  
Mattie or Circe, Alicia or Bell,  
Molly or Dolly,  
Or Pansy or Polly,  
Daisy or Maisie or Trix or Estelle.

Berton Braley.



## ON EASTER MORNING.

GRANDPA (*very nearsighted*). — By Tippecanoe, I've read a good deal about these cold-storage eggs we're getting, but I never expected to see one come to a head like this!



## THE MONKEY COMMUTER.

HE PUTS HIS BEST FOOT FOREMOST ON MEETING A LADY FRIEND.

## INDUSTRIAL DEFINITIONS.

### FOR THE YOUNG STUDENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

THE FARM.—A place from which many of us came and to which we always advise others to go back. Produces the food of the country, most of the energy, and a good deal of the brains. Regarded by the urbanites as a place of ideal independence; by those who live on it as a good deal of a bore.

THE HOME.—An obsolete term, except in a few rural communities. Said to contain children and happy mothers and fathers.

COST OF LIVING.—Something always a little higher than we can afford.

THE FACTORY.—An institution for the manufacture of commodities and high-tariff arguments. Constantly in need of more duties to protect it from the pauper labor of Europe.

THE PRESS.—A means of consuming large quantities of pulp timber. Frequently used for private purposes, but generally for making public what is nobody's business—therefore everybody's business. Makes free with everything—hence the term, "a free press."

THE GOVERNMENT.—A consumer of taxes. Established by the people for the people, used by the politicians for the Interests. Has its head in Washington, its finger in everybody's pocket.

THE PUBLIC.—An inconspicuous mass, lost in the haze of its own immensity. Its duty is to take what it gets—and pay for more.

PROSPERITY.—A condition existent when the lambs have money to be taken away.

PANIC.—When it is all taken away.

SOCIALIST.—Anybody who does not believe in the divine right of capital. Also known as anarchist, demagogue, agitator of class hatred.

MONEY.—A paradox. Known as cold cash, it burns holes through the pockets. It is desired by all, earned by most, and kept by the few. Buys food and drink, art, automobiles, legislatures, immunities, and souls. Engages with equal readiness in the business of the Lord or the devil—and serves both well. Yet no one should be without it.



## SI ATTICA.

# PUCK



DIFFERENT.

VISITOR.—I saw your husband in the crowd downtown to-day. In fact, he was so close that I could have touched him.

HOSTESS.—That's strange. At home he is so close that *nobody* can touch him!

## IN THE FUTURE.

He called her up and they quarreled; Of course he might have known That they'd have a few words over nothing When they talked on the wireless 'phone.

## A STUDY IN ALCHEMY.

There was once a young man who started out early in life to make money. He packed his mind with a hoard of homely but useful maxims. These were to be the guiding principles of his career. Then he got a job in a grocery store.

After working hard for three years he accumulated one thousand dollars. "Ah," he said, "this is the little acorn from which my giant oak of fortune will grow." He invested the money, and in four years it swelled to twenty thousand dollars.

The next forty years we see our hero squeezing and gouging, throttling and strangling, oppressing and coercing, bribing and corrupting, while the public waxed hot. When he had reached three score and ten he had amassed two hundred million dollars.

"Now," he mused, "I have not much longer to live in this world; I must prepare for the next," and he thereupon gave away his money lavishly, but withal judiciously, holding on to a trifle of one hundred and fifty millions or so as an anchor to windward.

Institutions of learning received big sums. Churches came in for large slices. The advancement of science was not forgotten, and his individual charities (modestly hidden from vulgar public curiosity) were innumerable.

This display of generosity lulled the indignation of the people, and the Sinner of Business had become the Saint of Society.

And thus, through the medium of his sere-and-yellow-leaf benefactions, a miracle was wrought, whereby the Lead of Avarice was transmuted into the Gold of Philanthropy.

John Burke.



MUSIC AS IT LOOKS.  
A STRAUSS SIMPLICISSIMUS ON THE PIANO.



REACHING THE AUTO'S SUBCONSCIOUSNESS.

THE OWNER.—Here! Why aren't you helping with this machine?  
THE CHRISTIAN SCIENTIST.—I am. I'm giving it mental suggestion.





—INCREASING CLOUDINESS.

# Diary of a New Amsterdam Fur-Trader.



—FORT ORANGE, NEW NETHERLANDS, Maye y<sup>e</sup>

First.—Y<sup>e</sup> sloop came up y<sup>e</sup> Hudson this A.M., bringing powder and shot and trinkets for y<sup>e</sup> Salvages. Dispatches from y<sup>e</sup> Merrie England state that things are quiet over there except for the wars and that my wife sailed for Newe Amsterdam y<sup>e</sup> fortonight agone. Mayhipe y<sup>e</sup> ship has sunke. I shall nott worry until y<sup>e</sup> ship is spoke.

Traded y<sup>e</sup> old dirk knife with

y<sup>e</sup> Salvage last nighte for twenty Beaver skin. I slipped it in between his shoulder blades verie neatly, too.

I met y<sup>e</sup> fine Damsel from y<sup>e</sup> Upper Village this A.M. I shall have to get rid of that Mohawk Squaw who does y<sup>e</sup> cooking in my cabine—she is positively the worst Cook ever.

Maye y<sup>e</sup> Tenth.—I was stunge good yesterday; solde y<sup>e</sup> trade musket and twenty rounds for a Thousand Acres of lande which was reported rich with golde. I finde no golde; lande ain't worth a cuss in this country. You wait till I see that Seneca again. I'll knocke him so stiffe he won't be able to get upp to save his mother's life.

My armor is all Dented up from those cursed Arrows. I shall have to have it laundred at Master Sprakle's, y<sup>e</sup> farrier.

My squaw is gone. I carried her out Last Nighte. She will not come back. I do not fear y<sup>e</sup> ghosts or goblins.

Ja-ye-go-na, y<sup>e</sup> Dead Beat, has failed on his Mink-Skin payments for that Pistole I solde him. I shall take y<sup>e</sup> Rifle and levy on his person this P.M. I'll git him, too. Business is business.

Maye Fifteenth.—My wife has not returned.

Met y<sup>e</sup> damsels named Janice Van Schoick, of y<sup>e</sup> Upper Village, this day. She is a sweet Creature and wanted to know if I was ever in love before. I shall order me a new Suit from Master Stullmetz to-day. Also some Pomades, Powdere, and Ribbons. God wot! I look shabby enough these days.

Will take y<sup>e</sup> load of Rum down to y<sup>e</sup> Oneida Castle this week and trade it with y<sup>e</sup> Salvages. I made y<sup>e</sup> rum myself from Alcohole, Tobacco, and Pole Berries, so I know it is good. It will do them good—and so will I.

June y<sup>e</sup> First.—An Indian pinched y<sup>e</sup> Otter Skin from y<sup>e</sup> Store last eve and got clean away. Either my eyesight is getting bad or y<sup>e</sup> newe Chinese Powder don't fire quicke enough. As it was I narrowly missed Deacon Obediah Mesick with a charge of Buckshot.

I am getting low in Spirits—my Acqua Vitæ is most gone. Not a bad joke for y<sup>e</sup> Diarie.

June Third.—Was up to call on Milady Janice last evening. Some Indians came home with me so I would not be lonesome. I am rather fleet of foote. The next time I go to call on y<sup>e</sup> Damsele I shall take y<sup>e</sup> rifle and y<sup>e</sup> census of y<sup>e</sup> Happy Hunting Grounds will show y<sup>e</sup> large increase, I bett you!

Indian Bargaine Day yesterday. Am burning sulphur in y<sup>e</sup> store to-day. I refuse to barter for Iroquois scalps as the war is ended and y<sup>e</sup> musket broke. Y<sup>e</sup> Salvage Red Jacket tried to Jew

me down on two bear skins for y<sup>e</sup> Brass Horne. I offered to knock it down to him for one bear and three lynx, but he refused—so I knocked him downe and took y<sup>e</sup> bundle of Furs. I'll learn these Mohawks to try to beat me. They must be honest if they want my trade.

June y<sup>e</sup> Tenth.—It is raining hard. Y<sup>e</sup> river is in Floode. I tried to send y<sup>e</sup> Salvages to y<sup>e</sup> Forte after y<sup>e</sup> jugg of Rum, but they durst not go. The horse is lame or I would risk it—anyhow I can take it or leave it alone. I am in an ugly moode—I wish some Salvage would come in and scowl at me.

Y<sup>e</sup> big Buck Salvage dropped in during y<sup>e</sup> Eve rollicking Drunke. I nearly choked his rum-laden breath out, throwing him out. I will have no Drinking and carousing here on y<sup>e</sup> Sabbath. I must get that jugg filled to-morrow.

June Twelfth.—Rec'd supply of Trade Muskets to-day with Barrels eight feet longe and extra longe Stocks. These Pesky Red Skins are beginning to leave all the fat on y<sup>e</sup> beaver Skins so when they pile them up to y<sup>e</sup> height of y<sup>e</sup> musket, which is considered y<sup>e</sup> fair price, it does not take so many skins. They've gott to play faire with me or I'll find outt why.

I gotte goode news this day. Y<sup>e</sup> Shipp Sally sanke off Cape Codd on y<sup>e</sup> tenth ult. I am sore afraid this is y<sup>e</sup> Boat my Wife ventured to sail in. I never knew her to be that thoughtful before. My luck seems to hold goode.

I have sent y<sup>e</sup> note to Janice and will call there to-night.

June y<sup>e</sup> Thirteenth.—I made y<sup>e</sup> collection of Indian Weapons of war last eve. As soon as y<sup>e</sup> hurts heal I shall pay my respects



NO COMPROMISE.

MR. COLDWATER.—You ain't going in *that* place, are ye, Sarah?

MRS. COLDWATER.—Indeed I am! I want to lend what feeble strength I have to the men who are breaking those accursed bottles!

*A fool and his money are soon parted, and a wise man is present at the parting.*

to those Algonquins who live over by Bad-luck Pond. My servant is now casting five score of bullets.

Mistress Janice was very cool. I fear one of those Dutch Yokels from Dorp way is casting Sheep's Eyes toward her. He better have a care and nott let me catch him at it, for I have a Perfect mania for Dead Dutch-men.

*July First.*—Y<sup>e</sup> Salvages are demanding looking-glasses. I shall have some extra heavy ones made for trade in this section. Verily these be the hombliest Salvages it has ever been my lot to see. Every time you knock one down and damage his features he gets up better looking.

*July Fourth.*—Y<sup>e</sup> currier brings me intelligence that my wife is safe in Newe Amsterdam. I shall start immediately for an extended trading Trip toward y<sup>e</sup> Lakes. This is y<sup>e</sup> Cruel World.

Don Cameron Shafer.



#### ON EASTER SUNDAY.

HOW A MINISTER MAY HOLD THE ATTENTION OF HIS CONGREGATION.



#### AMONG THE GODS.

MERCURY.—Boy, where are the wings from my sandals?  
CUPID.—Venus cut 'em off for her new Easter hat.

#### JUST ONCE.

THE dark figure waited patiently in the deep shadow of the alley until the sauntering policeman was swallowed in the gloom. The streets were practically deserted; a deep-throated clock boomed the hour of two.

The watcher cast a hurried glance up and down the street to make sure the coast was clear, then quietly pulled down the fire-escape ladder and noiselessly, though quickly, mounted to the second story. For an instant the dark blur clung to the side of the building, then a rasping noise announced the stealthy opening of a window, and the blur vanished inside.

"Safe at last!" gasped the man as he pulled down the curtain and threw his coat and hat upon the bed. "For once in my life I came home quietly during the annual spring house-cleaning without falling on waxed floors or stumbling over misplaced furniture!"



#### BREATHES THERE?

Breathes there the girl with soul so dead  
Who never to her beau hath said:

"Oh, see the moon!  
Is n't it just grand!  
It makes one horribly sentimental just to look at it!"

**M**ESSENGER-BOY.—I hear yer boss done a little shoppin' yesterday?  
WALL STREET OFFICE-BOY.—Pooh! Nothin' to speak of,—he only bought an insurance company, a couple er good, serviceable banks, an' a steel plant, an' he had a railroad sent up on apperbation.

#### TRY-OUTS.

**C**RWFORD.—Don't you miss the theatre, living out here in this one-horse town?  
SUBURBS.—Why, man, we see plays here that you never see in New York!



## Everyday Magic

Aladdin's lamp transported its owner from place to place in the twinkling of an eye.

That was thousands of years ago—and the lamp was only a myth. But so wonderful that the story has endured to this day.

The Bell telephone is *far more wonderful*—and it is a reality.

It is the dream of the ages, come true. In the office, in the home it stands, as commonplace in appearance as Aladdin's lamp.

By it the human voice—the truest expression of personality, ability, and character—is carried from place to

place instantly and accurately. And human powers are thus extended as if by magic.

All other means of communication are cold and colorless in comparison. By the telephone alone is the *human quality of the human voice* carried beyond the limitations of unaided hearing.

The Bell System has provided this wonderful faculty for all the people.

The whole country is brought together by the Bell policy of universal service; and the miracle of telephone talk is repeated six billion times a year.

*The Bell Long Distance telephone puts a man in intimate touch with new resources, new possibilities. One Policy, One System, Universal Service—these make every Bell Telephone the Center of the System.*

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"I WONDER WHAT'S KEEPING MISTER?"

By Mark Fenderson.

Photogravure in Sepia, 8 x 11 in.

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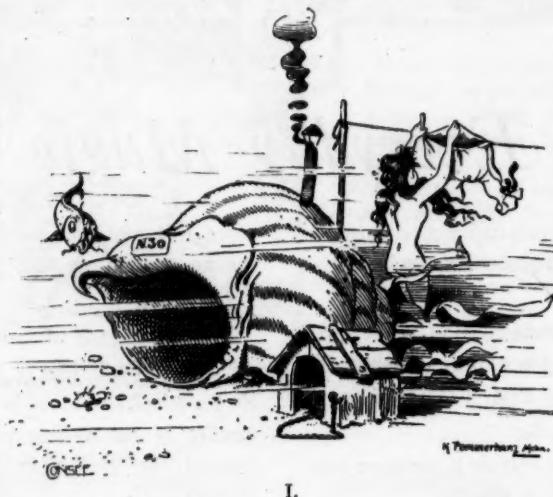


# BROMO-SELTZER

CURES  
HEADACHES

10¢, 25¢, 50¢, & \$1.00 Bottles.

A SUBMARINE LOVE AFFAIR.



I.

## FACTS ABOUT *Harper*

It is a whiskey built to fit the taste, and it's the best fit yet!

OLD I. W. HARPER

LOUISVILLE KY.

### CHARTREUX STILL MADE IN SPAIN.

There appeared recently in some of the American Dailies an article stating that the Carthusian Monks, celebrated for the manufacture of the genuine Chartreuse, also known as Liqueur Pères Chartreux, were anticipating moving from Spain to Austria. This rumor is now officially denied by Bätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York City, who are the American Agents of the Monks.

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PAPER WAREHOUSE,

22, 24 and 26 Beekman Street.  
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All kinds of Paper made to order.

**Shine on!**  
It not only gives a high, glowing, durable polish to all metals, minerals or wood while cleaning them. 2 lb. box. For sale by druggists and dealers. Send 25c stamp for sample to George William Hoffman, 206 S. Washington St., Indianapolis, Ind.

**Bar Keeper's Friend**

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by Carl Hassmann, we now have on sale a handsome photogravure in Carbon Black, 13 x 19 3/4 in.

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## GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE

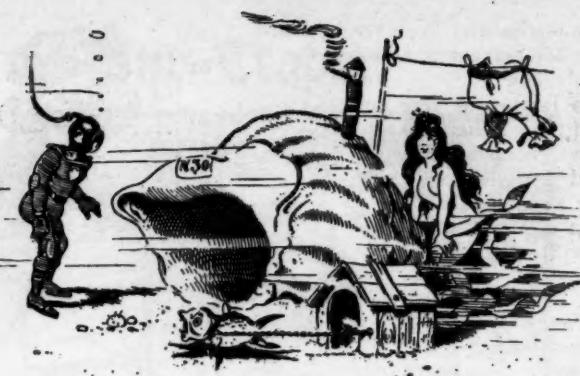
HALF THE COST OF IMPORTED

Of the six American Champagnes exhibited, GREAT WESTERN was the Only One Awarded the Gold Medal at Paris Exposition, 1900.

Your Grocer or Dealer  
can Supply You  
Sold Everywhere

Pleasant Valley  
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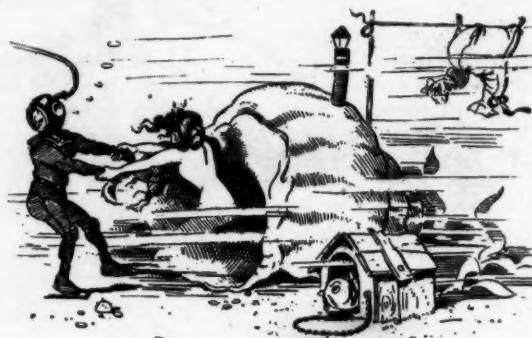
Oldest and Largest Champagne House in America



II.

# White Rock

*"The World's Best Table Water"*



III.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.

AIRY PERSIFLAGE.

PASSENGER ON AEROPLANE.—What's that ding-donging noise? Can it be the cowbells on the Milky Way?

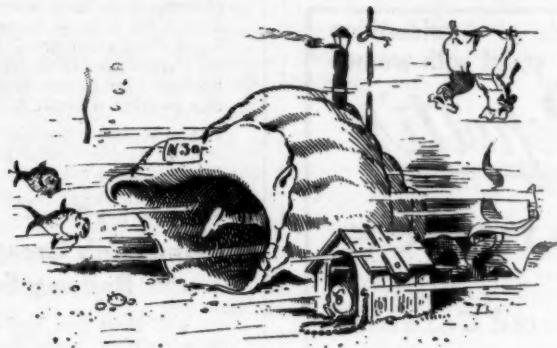
AVIATOR.—No; that's only Saturn's rings.—*Boston Transcript*.

## Liqueur Pères Chartreux

—GREEN AND YELLOW—

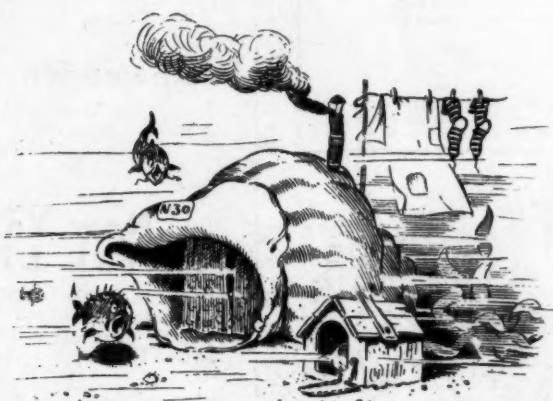
The original and genuine Chartreuse has always been and still is made by the Carthusian Monks (Pères Chartreux), who, since their expulsion from France, have been located at Tarragona, Spain; and, although the old labels and insignia originated by the Monks have been adjudged by the Federal Courts of this country to be still the exclusive property of the Monks, their world-renowned product is nowadays known as "Liqueur Pères Chartreux."

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Baier & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N.Y.  
Sole Agents for United States.



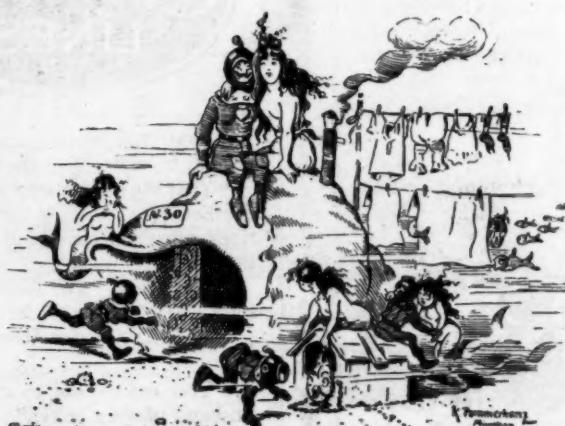
IV.

Every lover of a good cocktail should insist that Abbott's Bitters be used in making it; insures your getting the very best.



V.

GREAT BEAR SPRING WATER.  
"Its Purity Has Made It Famous."  
50c. per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles.



VI.

—Lustige Woche.



IN A CASE LIKE THIS,

What would *you* do? If you had been writing, as we have, about the sort of humor that PUCK does *not* use, saying it was n't necessary to print old jokes, the way some papers do, because new subjects for humorous treatment are coming up all the time, you would give folks some idea of the sort of humor PUCK *does* use, would n't you? We think you would—and that is why this week we "have a little list."

It is not a list of jokes, but a list of subjects; subjects noted and jotted down at random during a search for the stuff which jokes are made of; a tour of inspection through recent

YOU WILL KNOW

## Brewery Bottling

OF EVANS' ALE

BY THE

## Red and Black Label

Go by the Label and  
you'll get perfection.

Leading Dealers and Places.



issues of PUCK. It will bear out, we think, our claim that there are other sources of humor than mothers-in-law, boarding - house food, goats, tramps, and Spring poets.

Here is the list—not all of which PUCK "made fun of," but *out of* which it made some legitimate fun:

The Ship-Subsidy Movement.  
The Meat Boycott.  
The Suffragette Campaign.  
"My Policies."  
Conservation of Natural Resources.  
Halley's Comet.  
Mental Telepathy.  
Vacuum Cleaning.  
Levitation.  
Flying.  
Mayor Gaynor.  
Stovaine.  
Porker Socialism.  
The Increase in Divorces.  
Hook Worms.  
Moving Pictures.  
The Danger of Vegetarianism.  
Reforming Football.  
The High Price of Wool.  
Hunting With a Camera.  
Sanitary Conditions in 1909 and 2109.  
All-American Team of Football Story  
Writers.  
Malicious Animal Magnetism.  
Amateur Night.  
Hypothetical Questions.  
The Trinity Corporation.

**BLATZ**  
THE  
**FINEST**  
**BEER**  
EVER  
BREWED

Ask for it at the Club, Cafe  
or Buffet  
Insist on "Blatz"  
Correspondence  
Invited direct

Endurance Tests for Army Officers.  
Dreadnoughts.  
Gentlemen-Farmers.  
Transit Congestion.  
The Coupon Habit.  
Signaling to Mars.  
Old-Home Week in Central America.  
The Unwritten Law.  
Fletcherism.  
The Small License Numbers on Automobiles.  
Party Solidarity.  
History According to Our Poker Fiend Artist.  
Wireless Telegraphy.  
Inter-Planetary Chess.  
Restoring Antique Furniture.  
The "Editorial We."  
The White Slave.  
Prize-fighting in Make-Up.  
The North Pole Epoch in Advertising.  
The Black Hand.  
Correspondence Schools.  
The Shirtwaist Makers' Strike.  
Marathon Running.  
New-Thought.

You like fresh news in your newspaper. You like up-to-date articles in the magazines you take. Then why not get *humor* that is fresh and up-to-date? In plain words, why not get PUCK? Regularly. There are humorous newspapers in plenty, but a newsy humorous paper is a novelty.

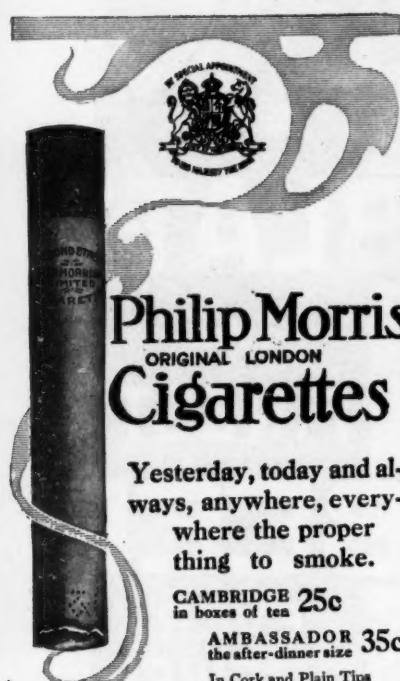
If your newsdealer does n't handle PUCK, ask him to order it for you.



Tell Your Newsdealer

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NEXT WEEK.

FOR MEN OF BRAINS  
**Cortez CIGARS**  
-MADE AT KEY WEST-



## Philip Morris ORIGINAL LONDON Cigarettes

Yesterday, today and always, anywhere, everywhere the proper thing to smoke.

CAMBRIDGE 25c  
in boxes of ten

AMBASSADOR 35c  
the after-dinner size

In Cork and Plain Tips

"The Little Brown Box"

Factories: Cairo, London, New York, and Montreal.

## Hunyadi János

Natural Laxative Water

Quickly Relieves:  
Biliousness,  
Sick Headache,  
Stomach Disorders,  
and  
**CONSTIPATION**  
AT ALL DRUGGISTS

SHE.—Why did he marry her at all if he intended getting a divorce so speedily?

HE.—Because he did n't think it would be honorable to break their engagement.—*Kansas City Journal*.

A change of tenors had been made in the church choir. Eight-year-old Jessie, returning from the morning service, was anxious to tell the news.

"Oh, mother!" she exclaimed, "we have a new terror in the choir!"—*Woman's Home Companion*.

## For "Home, Sweet Home"

An informal gathering of friends in the home, of an evening, is HEART SONGS time. Then does the spirit of song and happiness find outlet.

"What have you got to sing that we all know?" has sent many a hostess scurrying and pulling over dilapidated and torn music, digging even in the dusty corners of the garret.

Not so the woman who knows HEART SONGS; for her question is answered before it is asked, by the copy of HEART SONGS which rests on the piano the year round to give voice to the passing moods and fancies.

It is an irrepressible invitation for song. "Come on, everybody join in!"—and the familiar words and airs flood the memory with bygone days. The gray-haired guest has found in HEART SONGS the font of youth.

Over 512 Large Pages

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is the most complete single-volume musical library in the world—compiled by 25,000 music-loving people who united in their favorite selection of the "best" 400 songs, from "The Bullfrog on the Bank" to "Sweet Genevieve," and the familiar airs from the popular operas. HEART SONGS includes many copyright pieces which, if purchased in sheet-music form, would cost over \$20, and is acknowledged by the highest musical authorities to be the most comprehensive and correct volume of old songs ever issued. No musical library is complete without it. Bound in a handsome, serviceable manner, opening flat like a hymn-book, in gold and garnet, with illuminated cover. Price, \$2.50, postpaid.

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an unique and comprehensive library of "the literature that endures." Compiled by 50,000 people, who submitted what appealed to them most of all the world's prose and poetry, from "Off agin, on agin, gone agin—Finnegan" to Gray's "Elegy in a Country Churchyard" and "The Twenty-third Psalm." Handsomely bound in gold and garnet with illuminated cover. Price, \$1.50 postpaid.

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## REVENGE.



I.

AUNTIE.—As a punishment for always quarreling with Clara, you shall kneel here, and go without your coffee and cake.

Little acts of consideration are what count with women

**Repetti's**  
NEW YORK

## Candies

Convey an expression of the sweetest sentiment

Celebrated Caramels  
excel in purity, quality and flavor

80c. a Pound

## Smart Set

### Italian Nut Chocolates

The purest, most delicious and nutritious Candies made.

\$1.00 a Pound

And everything delicious known  
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Fancy Boxes and Easter Novelties

All candy made fresh daily.

Orders sent by express anywhere.

**Special Trial Offer**—If you are not acquainted with our candies, we will send you a full quarter pound box of our delicious Caramels (12 flavors) or a quarter pound of our chocolates, postage paid, on receipt of 15 cents.

Agents Wanted in Every City.  
REPETTI KING OF CARMEL MAKERS  
2125 BROADWAY, NEW YORK



II.

THE BAD BOY.—Auntie is awful mean to-day. But I'll get even with her.

POET'S WIFE.—My husband read this poem at a public celebration before thousands of people. Alas! it was the last poem he ever wrote.

PUBLISHER.—I see. Did they lynch him or shoot him?—*Leslie's Weekly*.



III.

AUNTIE.—Goodness me, what have I done!—*Fliedende Blätter*.



## Not Magic but a simple illustration of the "Water Level Route"

It is not at all infrequent to see passengers on limited trains of the New York Central Lines, balancing a filled tumbler of water on the narrow neck of an empty water bottle. The glass will remain in this position without falling.

It has become a popular test with regular travelers, and graphically illustrates the value of the water level route. Try it yourself the next time you ride on

## "America's Greatest Railway System"

It will show you how little the train motion would be likely to disturb your comfort by day or your slumber by night.

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Leave New York - 2:45 p. m.  
Arrive Cincinnati - 7:27 a. m.  
" Indianapolis - 7:55 a. m.  
" St. Louis - 1:45 p. m.

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Leave St. Louis - 8:45 a. m.  
" Indianapolis - 2:20 p. m.  
" Cincinnati - 3:00 p. m.  
Arrive New York - 9:45 a. m.

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I NOTICE lots of college boys around town."

"Yes; the midwinter vacation is on."

"Seems to me these midwinter vacations must interfere seriously with a boy's college work."

"Not at all. The football season is over and it's too early for track work."

—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.

"You did n't use to object to your husband playing poker."

"No; but that was before I learned to play bridge. It is a lovely game, but I cannot afford to play it unless he stops playing poker."—*Houston Post*.

# PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

## Bulletin.

### DREADNAUGHT CARS.

The nub of railroading is first-class equipment and reliable service. The Pennsylvania Railroad provides this for the public. For many months big all-steel coaches, built like Dreadnaughts, have been operated on all through trains. Their easy-riding qualities and steadiness of motion have been widely praised. The all-steel dining cars too have distinct advantages over the wooden ones. They are stronger and steadier, and the act of eating is made more enjoyable by the smoother movement.

There are also some steel Pullman Cars—Combined Parlor-Smokers and Baggage—in the service now. Travellers like them. They have plenty of elbow room and they glide over the rails. The Sleeping Cars are coming. Some four hundred parlor and sleeping cars will be in use by Summer.

These steel coaches and cars are the strongest vehicles ever built for passenger transportation. They are fire proof, break proof and bend proof. They represent the climax of safety and the perfection of comfort in railroad travel.

The Pennsylvania Railroad has always been the leader in all manner of improved equipment as well as in all methods of making its patrons more comfortable. This is why it is known and honored as The Standard Railroad of America.



AT THE CHARITY BAZAAR.

MR. RICHE-TIGHTWADDE.—I only buy from the homely ones; besides, the good-looking ones have it so easy.

—*Meggendorfer Blätter.*

"WHEN Adam delved and Eve span, who was then the suffragette?" "Eve, of course—did n't she raise Cain?"—*Harvard Lampoon.*

## Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey



### THE WORLD'S BEST MEDICINE

6 Large Bottles, \$5.50

12 Large Bottles, \$10.00

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Shipped to any address, express prepaid, on receipt of order and price. Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey must not be regarded as ordinary commercial whiskies. It is an absolutely pure distillation of malted grain. Its palatability and its freedom from injurious substances render it so that it can be retained by the most sensitive stomach. It has been the standard of purity for fifty years.

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#### THE CAT WENT BACK.

MR. PENN.—They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked?

MR. HUB.—They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around.

"That must be embarrassing!"

"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river a mile away."

"And you lost the cat all right?"

"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"—*Yonkers Statesman.*

MISS ELDER.—The idea of his pretending that my hair was gray.

MISS PEPPERY.—Ridiculous!

MISS ELDER.—Was n't it, though?

MISS PEPPERY.—Yes; just as if you'd buy gray hair.—*Catholic Standard and Times.*

### What Can You Save A Month?

Something, of course. Are you doing it? You know you should—but this is not a sermon on thrift—just a sign board pointing the way to how you may become the outright owner of any of the standard dividend-paying securities, on our Non-Forfeiture Monthly Payment Plan, with all speculative risks eliminated. You select your own investment, as we are not brokers or promoters. You can buy as low as one share, or one bond. Cutting coupons and cashing dividend checks is made possible for the man or woman of small means by OUR PLAN.

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"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne.

"Who is the hero of the book?"

"The man who has undertaken to publish it!"—*Washington Star.*

#### AN ARTIST.

"That clerk of yours seems to be a hard worker."

"Yes; that's his specialty."

"What, working?"

"No—seeming to."—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

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Cigarette  
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MILDNESS  
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THE SURBRUG CO., Makers, New York.

"I SAW you talking to Mrs. Feathery. She seemed excited."

"Yes; she was putting up the same old grumble."

"What's her grievance?"

"A case of bunching anniversaries. She was born the day before Christmas and married the day after—and one present answers for all three occasions."—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

EASTER SUNDAY IN THE OLDEN TIMES.



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**GOLD SEAL**  
*America's Favorite Champagne*  
is as exquisite as the perfume of  
THE AMERICAN BEAUTY ROSE

Made by the French process from the richest and most mellow grapes grown on the vine-clad hills that surround Lake Keuka in Central New York.

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TIME, THREE A.M. — ASLEEP AT LAST.

By Angus MacDonall.

Photogravure in Sepia, 11 x 8 in.

PRICE TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

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## NEW MODEL

# IVER JOHNSON

### SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER

Sharp, smooth action, safety and accuracy are combined as never before in a small arm—in the New Iver Johnson Revolver.

**Spiral Springs of Tempered Steel**

Every spring of the old-style flat type has been replaced by the most durable types of spring made—spiral and round wire springs of drawn tempered steel. The U. S. Government army rifle, which is the best in the world, has spiral springs throughout wherever they can be used. The reason is obvious. The Iver Johnson is the *only revolver* so equipped. Hence it is the one you can trust absolutely to act surely and positively at all times. And the famous safety lever, simple but sure, makes it possible.

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(Makers of Iver Johnson Single Barrel Shotguns and Iver Johnson Truss Bridge Bicycles.)



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**IF** you are tired of slapstick humor; if you are weary of the dull, pointless opposite, commonly known as the "He and She" sort; if you look for something more than horseplay in humor, and like occasionally a grain of truth with your fun, we say again to you:  
**"Subscribe for PUCK!"**

PUCK was first in the field 34 years ago, and it *stays* first to-day. It is not a weekly revival of worn-out jokes, spineless cartoons, and commonplace pictures. PUCK is different.

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PUCK does n't revive old jokes, because it draws most of its fun from timely things. It does n't print spineless cartoons, because it does n't have to, being independent of political rings and "immune lists." It does n't use pictures that are commonplace, because every picture, even the smallest, in PUCK must help to express a definite idea and one worth expressing.

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PUCK is sure to please. ¶ It is funny, but neither vulgar nor suggestive. ¶ It is attractive pictorially, because its artists are among the best. ¶ It is of serious interest, because its cartoons form a political history of the times. ¶ It is not a juvenile publication, but it is better for children than the comic supplements of the Sunday newspapers. ¶ And its annual Christmas number, sent without extra charge to subscribers, is as fine a publication as skill, careful preparation, and a high standard can make it.

PUCK is not local; it is National. It caters to no clique or class, political or social. PUCK meets the American demand for a Wideawake Humorous Weekly.

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### *For Shavers or Shaved*



WHETHER you or the barber handles the razor let Colgate do the *lathering*. Three methods, but only one result—a rich, creamy lather; soothing, softening, satisfying.



#### RAPID-SHAVE POWDER

This latest Colgate triumph marks a new era in shaving comfort.

Just sprinkle a little powder on the wet brush and lather the face. It simplifies shaving and makes it quicker by doing away with rubbing in the lather with the fingers or making it in a cup.

Fresh soap with every shave—no soap that touches brush or skin is used again.

Absolutely no waste, the last particle is as good and as convenient as the first.

The quickest and cleanest way of making a lather as lasting and delightful as that of our famous shaving stick.

#### SHAVING STICK

The nickelized box has been imitated but the soap is beyond imitation.

So good and so satisfying in its creamy, abundant lather that we find some old users deaf to the claims of our more modern powder.

Its exceptional freedom from any free or uncombined alkali, means nothing in the soap to "smart the face."

If for any reason you prefer a stick—stick to Colgate's.

#### BARBER'S SHAVING-POWDER

Every day more shops are welcoming this powder as an aid to quick and cleanly shaving. Shortens the time and adds to the comfort of your shave.

A little powder shaken from the dust-proof, germ-proof container on the wet brush gives a fresh, clean personal lather for your own private shave.

Talk it over with the man who shaves you.

Every Colgate shaving lather is proved by chemical test to be not only aseptic but germicidal.

**The safety lather for your face.**

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THE POWDER THAT  
SHORTENS THE SHAVE